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NEMO'S ALMANAC 2017

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Their Motions, the yeares circle make,
And we from their conjunctions take,
Rules to make Love an Almanack.

NEMO'S ALMANAC 2017

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RULES

1. The quotations are to be identified by reference to author, work, and where appropriate line number or number of chapter, canto, book, act or scene. Ten marks are given for each answer with full references, including a printed source. Incomplete answers, guesses, hazards, and bows drawn at a venture will receive marks on their merits. Extra marks may be given for answers found only by one or two competitors, and also for exceptionally good answers, at the Editor's discretion.

2. The Prizes are cheques in amounts dictated by the modest budget of the Almanac. No competitor may take a first prize two years running, or any prize at all in the fourth year after three consecutive winning years.

3. Answers are to be typed or legibly written on one side of the paper only, leaving a good margin for marks on the right hand side. Full name and address are to be written on the first page. The entry must reach the editor not later than September 1st 2017. Please mark your envelope 'NEMO'.

4. If a reasonably sized and properly stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed, entries will be returned with an answer sheet.

5. A pseudonym may be used, but prizewinners' actual names may be published.

6. No author is quoted more than once. No extract is in translation.

7. The editor's decision is final in every case.

JANUARY

1
But I think it hath not been so commonly remarked, that all the other Passions depend considerably on the same Circumstance. What is it but Novelty that awakens Desire, enhances Delight, kindles Anger, provokes Envy, inspires Horror?

2
Novelty, Hope, Defeat, Success, I've tasted,
Each various flavour of Life's joy and woe.
Great things I can surmise, but nothing know.

3
The French are changeful fellows, all must grant;
Cameleons—but, ah! changing for the worse:
Poor ignorants, scarce knowing what they want;
Bart'ring too often blessings for a curse.
All good, in one word, Novelty, they see!

4
The mildewed hipsters
have purple paisley inserts, patch pockets, studs
and novelty exterior fly-buttons with phalluses.
Jim's eyes shine to see the switched-on funky gear.
He lies down on his back to get into them.

5
the golden-eyed marigolds glittered; the nasturtiums wreathed the veranda poles in green and gold flame. If only one had time to look at these flowers long enough, time to get over the sense of novelty and strangeness, time to know them! But as soon as one paused to part the petals, to discover the under-side of the leaf, along came Life and one was swept away

6
The river of her being is in flood. It fills her eyes.
Then what's invention or novelty when *she*
surprises us? We'd hide our being overcome?
strive for the essential, or make it new?

FEBRUARY

1
She did not permit her Socialism, however, to penetrate below stairs; her cook and butler had every encouragement to be Individualists.

2
But yet to read the strange riddle of the hiving bees,
their altruism and platonesque intelligence,
'tis enough to suppose that their small separat selves
are function'd by the same organic socialism
and vital telepathy as the corpuscles are
whereof their little bodies are themselves composed:

3
"I've 'eard a 'ell of a lot about this 'ere Socialism," remarked the man behind the moat, "but up to now I've never met nobody wot could tell you plainly exactly wot it is."

4
What that may be we know not; but 'tis thought
To be a kind of pious Socialism,
To be a dallying with dynamite,
With Mr. Hyndman and the other gents
Who lead a mob along the streets and break
The windows, and who scare the little girls.

5
Your Majesty, there is no need for alarm. The Prince is a very ingenuous young man. He pretends to be devoted to the people, and lives in a palace; preaches socialism, and draws a salary that would support a province. Some day he'll find out that the best cure for Republicism is the Imperial crown, and will cut up the red cap of liberty to make decorations for his Prime Minister.

6
There were no
owls, or hunters. No Connie Chatterleys
resting beautifully
on their backs, having casually
brought socialism
to England.
  Only ideas,
and their opposites.

MARCH

1
It is a Piccadilly crowd by the sea—exactly the same style of people you meet in Piccadilly, but freer in dress, and particularly in hats.

2
She stands beside their open cars at night
posing like a llama in a hat—
sometimes white like felted piano keys,
sometimes crinkly green and blue like money.

3
Had he made my Daughter a Whore, and forswore it like a Gentleman, I cou'd have almost pardon'd it; but to tell Tales before-hand is monstrous! Hang it, I can fetch down a Woodcock or Snipe, and why not a Hat and Feather? I have a Case of good Pistols, and have a good mind to try.

4
Hail, reverend Hat!—sublime 'mid all
    The minor felts that round thee grovel;—
Thou, that the Gods "a Delta" call,
    While meaner mortals call thee "shovel."

5
the blue hat, black hat,
red hat, no hat, stick
in this hand or that hand,
the socks plain, patterned,

the chin bristling, the chin
smooth, shaved, unshaved,

6
"I really believe," said he, "I could be fool enough at this moment to undertake any character that ever was written, from Shylock or Richard III down to the singing hero of a farce in his scarlet coat and cocked hat. I feel as if I could be any thing or every thing, as if I could rant and storm, or sigh, or cut capers in any tragedy or comedy in the English language."

APRIL

1
"I heard perpetually that there were the finest women in the world to be had in Paris.—When we got to Paris—I sallied forth the first evening—and thinking that it was only to ask and have—I accosted several with the tenderest politeness—but whether my French or my figure displeased them—I know not—I had short answers or none at all."

2
She said to herself: This is Paris. The same streets, with implacably shut shops and running into each other at odd angles, seemed to unreel past again and again. She thought she saw the same kiosks. Cafés were lit inside, chairs stacked on the tables: they were swabbing the floors.

3
In Paris in a loud dark winter
when the sun was something in Provence
when I came upon the poetry
of René Char
I saw Vaucluse again

4
Good luck to you, Paris ladies!
  Ye are over fine and nice,
I know where the country maid is,
  Who needs not asking twice.

5
In Paris, there are scarce two orders of beings more different: for the legislative and executive powers of the shop not resting in the husband, he seldom comes there—in some dark and dismal room behind, he sits commerceless in his thrum night-cap, the same rough son of Nature that Nature left him.

6
Nor is't improper, *Sweet*, since thou,
Art in thy Youthfull *Morning* now,
Whilst I, depriv'd of thine eyes light,
Do drooping live a tedious Night
In *Paris*, like an *Anchorite.*

MAY

1
I know what tree the nightingale
Alights on when she sits to sing:
I know where mist doth lie

2
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.

3
Up this green woodland ride lets softly rove
& list the nightingale—she dwelleth here
Hush let the wood gate softly clap—for fear
The noise might drive her from her home of love

4
And through his words the nightingales
  Drove straight and full their long clear call,
Like arrows through heroic mails,
  And love was awful in it all.
The nightingales, the nightingales!

5
The Romayne Emperours that succeeded Augustus, were exceedingly giuen to this horrible vice, whereof some of them would feede on nothing but the tongues of Phesants and Nightingales: other, would spend as much at one banquet, as a Kings reuenues came too in a yeare; whose excesse I would decypher at large, but that a new Laureate hath sau'd me the labor.

6
The flowers of late April took up a position unseen, and looked as if they had been blooming a long while, though there had been no trace of them the day before yesterday; birds began not to mind getting wet. In-door people said they had heard the nightingale, to which out-door people replied contemptuously that they had heard him a fortnight before.

JUNE

1
The way home lay across country, through deep little lanes where the late foxgloves sat seriously, like sad hounds; over open downlands, rough with gorse and ling, and through pocketed hollows of bracken and trees.

2
I know I make a symbol
Of the foxglove on the wall.
It is because it knows you.

3
He led the way to a very retired, dismal-looking house among the foxgloves. It was built of faggots and turf, and there were two broken pails, one on top of another, by way of a chimney.

4
The clock struck eleven, its calm silver voice suddenly enlarging the expanse of the silent room. She looked up, raising her forehead from her hand, opening her eyes. She stared about her, searching for a bunch of dying foxgloves in a white jar.

5
Whilst now a paler Hue the *Foxglove* takes,
Yet checquers still with Red the dusky brakes:
When scatter'd *Glow-worms*, but in Twilight fine,
Shew trivial Beauties watch their Hour to shine;
Whilst *Salisb'ry* stands the Test of every Light,
In perfect Charms, and perfect Virtue bright:

6
On a hot Saturday the sea
would drain the town of all of us
and leave it for the cats
to cross in unwatched gardens
wild with scent, purple foxgloves
nodding full of bees

JULY

1
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the Conquerour? who now beholds
Cherube and Seraph rowling in the Flood
With scatter'd Arms and Ensigns

2
She promptly showed how this was almost all she wanted of him. "That's all I mean, if you understand it of such a court as never was: one of the courts of heaven, the court of a reigning seraph, a sort of a vice-queen of an angel. That will do perfectly."
"Oh well then I grant it. Only court life as a general thing, you know," he observed, "isn't supposed to pay."

3
Rest, my loud heart. Your too exultant flight
Had raised the wing-beat to a roar
Drowning seraphic whispers.

4
This present moment had no pain, no blot, no want; full, pure, perfect, it deeply blessed me. A passing seraph seemed to have rested beside me, leaned towards my heart, and reposed on its throb a softening, cooling, healing, hallowing wing.

5
Snug in seraphic Cupboards
To nibble all the day,
While unsuspecting Cycles
Wheel solemnly away!

6
a boy saying lovely things to you, and a lot of kissing, and at the end of it, almost without your knowing it, almost as if it weren't happening to you, so that you never felt there was anything wrong, anything Our Lady would really mind . . . V— sighed deeply, and shut her eyes; her face took on an expression of seraphic tranquillity.

AUGUST

1
You crash over the trees,
you crack the live branch—
the branch is white,
the green crushed,
each leaf is rent like split wood.

2
My own hand, I confess, has begun to wobble; not entirely because of its theme, but because I have noticed a thin crack, like a hair, appearing in my wrist, beneath the skin ... No matter. We all owe death a life.

3
go quietly, be left
with a memory
or an insinuation or two
of cracks in a pavement.

4
Conformity was ever knowne
A foe to Dissolution:
Nor can we that a ruine call,
Whose crack gives crushing unto all.

5
You cannot crack a pebble,
it excludes
death. Seeds will not
take root on its cool sur-

face.

6
Nor did they ever speak
Of the coarse stain on that polished balustrade,
The crack in the study window, or the letters
Locked in a drawer and the key destroyed.
All to be understood by us, returning
Late, in our own time

SEPTEMBER

1
Breakfast was over in the boarding house and the table of the breakfast room was covered with plates on which lay yellow streaks of eggs with morsels of bacon fat and bacon rind.

2
The odour of breakfast has gone, and the enervating, cosy glow surrounding him as he fed is replaced by a warm freshness. She has opened one of the top lights and made up the fire. Upon the cleared table stands the little bell. Her deputy. Unless summoned she will not appear.

3
Twas better for each *British* Virgin,
When on roast Beef, strong Beer, and Sturgeon,
Joyous to Breakfast they sat round,
Nor was asham'd to eat a Pound.

4
"Terrific breakfasts railway companies do give one. I always overeat distressingly on trains. There's something in the words scrambled eggs, rolls, sausages, when you see them written down . . . One look at the card and my self-control snaps. I must have everything."

5
Bed at Ostend at 5 A.M.
Breakfast at 6, and train 6.30,
Tickets to Königswinter (mem.
The seats unutterably dirty).

6
"Now children," she said, "do try to remember to talk to your father at breakfast. He was quite hurt yesterday. He feels out of things. It's so easy to bring him into the conversation if you take a little trouble, and he does so enjoy hearing about everything."

OCTOBER

1
It is not that anyone imagines the law to be just. Everyone knows that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor. But no one accepts the implications of this, everyone takes for granted that the law, such as it is, will be respected, and feels a sense of outrage when it is not.

2
Nothing so holy, no band of nature so strong, no law of friendship so sacred, but I'll profane, burst, violate, 'fore I'll endure disgrace, contempt and poverty.

3
The executives of the law, who settled fates and deprived citizens of their liberty, had a developed sense of humour and a passion for shop talk. The sound was deafening.

4
Starve or hang; that is the law. If I even asked for work, who wanted my service? Who would give me any? Who would not enquire where I came from, and to whom I belonged?

5
Then up spoke a lawyer, trim in wig and diction.
"This defies Right and Reason and Rule of Law.
Let us appeal to the High Court for humane compensation."
"I've friends on the bench", grinned Noose,
"They'll fix it for us."

6
Up to the City of a morning in a Pullman car, down from the City of an evening in a Pullman car. Law papers again after dinner, then the sleep of the tired, and up again next morning. Saturday to Monday was spent at his club in town—curious reversal of customary procedure, based on the deep and careful instinct that while working so hard he needed sea air to and from the station twice a day

NOVEMBER

1
Thus provided, thus confident and enquiring, I set out in the pursuit of truth. The day, though not actually wet, was dismal, and the streets in the neighbourhood of the Museum were full of open coal-holes, down which sacks were showering.

2
Coal is so beautiful as I
could weep over the carbon it shines with:
what is scattered over those colliery towns
is not soot or sulphur or coal or foaming
detergent but the waste produced by
mass-conversion of *want* (sectional) into
need (social & then total).

3
The Eagle in *Æsop*, seeing a piece of flesh, now ready to be sacrificed, swept it away with her clawes, and carried it to her nest; but there was a burning coal stuck to it by chance, which unawares consumed her, young ones, nest, and altogether.

4
We handle the heavy boxes, and shovel the dirty coal;
While soldiers and sailors work in the light, we burrow below like a mole.
But somebody has to do this work, or the soldiers could not fight!
And whatever work is given a man, is good if he does it right.

5
I contriv'd to burn some Wood here, as I had seen done in *England,* under Turf, till it became Chark, or dry Coal; and then putting the Fire out, I preserv'd the Coal to carry Home, and perform the other Services, which Fire was wanting for at Home, without Danger of Smoke.

6
I never liked carrying coal or anthracite. The dust in my nostrils gave me a headache and it wasn't as though we could take a bath afterwards. We had to do it all in a wooden tub on deck and the water was cold with only a kettle of hot water poured in to take the chill off.

DECEMBER

1

The longing of a heart pent up forlorn,
A silent heart whose silence loves and longs;
The silence of a heart which sang its songs
While youth and beauty made a summer morn,
Silence of love that cannot sing again.

2

No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard: but carelesse Quiet lyes,
Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enemyes.

3

By faint degrees, voice, lute, and pleasure ceased;
A deadly silence step by step increased,
Until it seem'd a horrid presence there,
And not a man but felt the terror in his hair.

4

Passed the Hospice, a Convent, in which are only two monks for the relief of Travellers. It stands in a little valley & was once of signal use. At the top a deep silence—no murmuring—no whistling of winds—No extensive view—no distant gleams of inhabitd countries—a chaos of snowy rocks and peaks rising, one behind another

5

It was late at night. He had listened to a symphony concert, a talk on archaeology, Kaleidoscope, the news, a political discussion, a poetry reading, the book at bedtime, the Financial World Tonight, more news, some prayers with jazz music, the weather forecast for the ships. Now all was silent. Fulham and Chelsea were quiet, except for the occasional distant lonely sound of a car or a rumbling lorry.

6

The snow is word perfect in a hundred different silences;
Steels itself for the soundless porcelain of an early moon.
And over locked lakes, barnyard, copse, come the unhindered birds,
Strange winter fruit, lending weight to bare branches.

Answers to Nemo's Almanac, 2016

COVER: Robertson Davies: The Rebel Angels, Second Paradise III

JANUARY
1 Robert Louis Stevenson: Edinburgh
2 Craig Raine: Flying to Belfast, 1977
3 Robert Burton: Anatomy of Melancholy. Religious Melancholy; causes.
4 George Szirtes: Two Rondeaux: 1, Unter den Linden
5 Alan Brownjohn: The Telephone in His Office
6 A.E.Housman: More Poems, XLV

FEBRUARY
1 Richard Hughes: The Fox in the Attic: Book 1, Chapter 10
2 Paul Farley: Relic
3 Dylan Thomas: A Story
4 Oscar Wilde: The Importance of Being Earnest, Act 1
5 Philip Larkin: A Girl in Winter, Chapter 4
6 Solyman Brown: The Dentologia, Canto IV

MARCH
1 Charles Tomlinson: A Night at the Opera
2 Dick Davis: Don Giovanni at the Opera
3 Charles Lamb: A Chapter on Ears
4 E.M.Forster: Where Angels Fear to Tread, Chapter 6
5 Martin Bell: Verdi at Eighty
6 James Boswell: London Journal, Dec 8th 1762

APRIL
1 Thomas Middleton: A Trick to Catch the Old One, Act III sc. iv
2 Charlotte Mew: The Changeling
3 W.M.Thackeray: The Church Porch
4 William Austin: Sepulchrum Domus Mea Est. Job XVII:13
5 Pearse Hutchinson: Look, No Hands
6 Robin Skelton: The Arrival

MAY
1 Jonathan Swift: Helter Skelter
2 Ben Jonson: The Poetaster, Act III sc. i
3 Bliss Carman: In the House of Idiedaily
4 Galway Kinnell: Oatmeal
5 J.A.Lindon: Sink Song
6 Gwen Harwood: Wittgenstein and Engelmann

JUNE
1 John Fletcher: The Wild Goose Chase, Act IV sc. iii
2 Jane Austen: Love and Freindship, letter 13
3 Thomas Sheridan: The Critic, Act III
4 Thomas Mozeen: The Bedlamite
5 W.S.Gilbert: Ruddigore Act I
6 Charles Dickens: Nicholas Nickleby Chap. XLIX

JULY
1 Thomas Holcroft: The Seasons
2 Derek Mahon: A Disused Shed in County Wexford
3 Ruth Fainlight: Rock Island
4 Lord Byron: The Vision of Judgment xxxvi
5 James K. Baxter: Mandrakes for Supper
6 Roger McGough: Cardiff 11 a.m.

AUGUST
1 Henry Vaughan: The Phoenix out of Claudian
2 George Darley: Nepenthe
3 Thomas Carew: A Song (Ask me no more)
4 A. C. Benson: The Phoenix
5 Herbert Read: Mutations of the Phoenix 1.
6 Anne Ridler: The Phoenix Answered

SEPTEMBER
1 Charles Dickens: A Christmas Carol, Stave V
2 Thomas Kinsella: Mirror in February
3 Henry Fielding: Tom Jones, Bk. 8 Chapter 4.
4 Kingsley Amis: Creeper
5 Robert Graves: The Face in the Mirror
6 James T. Fields: The Owl Critic

OCTOBER
1 Sir Walter Scott: Diary 10th July 1826
2 Christopher Fry: Venus Observed, Act II (Jessie)
3 Derek Walcott: Letter from Brooklyn
4 Thomas Hardy: Far From the Madding Crowd, Chapter 14
5 A. S. Byatt: Possession, Chapter 8
6 Ian Duhig: Margin Prayer from an Ancient Psalter

NOVEMBER
H.D: The Walls Do Not Fall: I
Anthony Hecht: The Venetian Vespers
A.H.Clough: The Bothie of Tober-Na-Vuolich IV
G.S. Fraser: Lean Street
Laura Riding: The Contraband
Elinor Wylie: Full Moon

DECEMBER
1 Samuel Butler: Hudibras Canto 3 line 709
2 Robert Southey [& S.T. Coleridge]: Omniana, 28: Invention for the Blind
3 John Milton: Paradise Lost, Book 3, ll 32-35
4 William Blake: On Art and Artists
5 Thomas Traherne: Walking
6 Richard Church: Pity the Blind

Marks and Prizes

First Prize
722 Elspeth Christie

Second Prize
721 Caroline Heal

Third Prize
720 Brian Jordan
720 Susan Woodman and Philip Hearsum

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710 Jenny Naish
710 Alison Sheehan-Hunt
708 'Gli Amici'
703 Eric Love
600 W. A. Kyle
692 P. Thompson
673 S.J.Bird
592 S.A. Osborn
550 Mary Milne-Day, Sara Price and Anne Willitts
549 Mrs C Pearce
510 Michael and Caroline Greet
508 Rosemary Johnson
488 Tom Durham
431 R. Scott and A. Walker
410 M. Webb-Ingall
389 The Mossfield Gang
380 Kenneth Thornton
310 Alan Langley
99 'Nell Mirante'
80 Val Marshall-George

REMARKS

This 125th *Nemo*, 2016, was the last number to be set by Nigel Forde, whose deft touch and learned wit I must now do my best to emulate. My first and agreeable task is to thank him for his inspiring editorship and his choice of wide-ranging and challenging quotations over the last eleven years. When I first took up with *Nemo's Almanac* many years ago, the questions sprang, fully armed and dangerous, from the fertile brain of John Fuller. I have suffered under, cursed at, railed against, delighted in, and been defeated (or not) since then by subsequent almanacs set by Alan Hollinghurst, Gerard Benson, and Nigel: I hope I'll be able to maintain an adequately frustrating standard in the years to come. I shall welcome your comments and criticisms. (Memo to self: must start looking for, or grooming, my own successor as soon as possible. Just in case.)

I also hope I'll be able to attract some new enthusiasts (and perhaps you will, too, dear readers?), although I'm afraid it goes painfully against the grain of anybody under thirty or thirty-five to ignore all the search engines and databases available online. In addition, in the first *Nemo* he edited, Nigel Forde lamented 'the iniquitous closure of libraries'; that was in 2007, and the appalling loss of libraries has continued at an increasing rate. This is not just something to be angry about—it also makes the Nemonian task more difficult, especially for those who live at a distance from the libraries that still remain. But perhaps, like camping, or like those TV programmes in which people subject themselves to voluntary hardship in exotic locations, this may yet turn out to provide an attractive respite from a life of easy instantaneity and allow new competitors to connect (or reconnect) with the pleasures and frustrations of slower modes of discovery. Like reading.

The inadvertent appearance of two extracts by Charles Dickens in last year's Almanac (for which Nigel Forde apologises), and the absence of Shakespeare, both much commented on by you, is welcome evidence that even Homer nods from time to time. Thanks to all those of you who pointed it out. It didn't, and doesn't, mark a change in the rules, just a reassurance that even Captain Nemo is human. This issue was the first to be marked by me. I hope I've been fair. I was grateful to those of you who indicated the (relatively few) answers they'd googled, but I deducted five marks from them, on the grounds that it takes less work and is a much less enjoyable way of finding the answers. There were slightly fewer entries than last year, and the standard of entry was impressively high. But if the competition is to survive and flourish, I shall need to make a big effort to find new competitors, and perhaps to encourage more existing subscribers to send in their answers.

Anyway. The standard, as I say, was very high this year. Only one clue eluded everybody: Ruth Fainlight's mushroom remained firmly rooted in its secret mycelium, unpicked and condemned to waste its sweetness on the desert air. Laura (Riding) Jackson was also quite hard to pin down, as were William Austin and Robin Skelton. No full marks, then, but an admirable clutch of very close things. This year I've tried to strike a balance between prose and verse. Taking over the quiz is a daunting undertaking, and I've been heartened by the welcoming letters I've already received—do keep them coming.

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Let us go then, you and I
While quotations are spread out against the year
Like a patient etherised upon a table.
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(In the room the women come and go
Talking of Nemo…)

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